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Darlow sculp.

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Printed at the Artillery, by Joseph Johnson Street, opposite New Drury Theatre Royal, July 31st 1794.



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Roach's
Beauties of the Poets
OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

Carefully Selected & Arranged
From the Works of
The most Admired Authors,
Particularly.

<i>Milton.</i>	<i>Blair.</i>	<i>Beattie.</i>
<i>Pope.</i>	<i>Gray.</i>	<i>Moore.</i>
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<i>Thomson.</i>	<i>Shenstone.</i>	<i>Buckingham.</i>
<i>Addison.</i>	<i>Mallet.</i>	<i>Duncombe.</i>
<i>Goldsmith.</i>	<i>Comper.</i>	<i>Armstrong.</i>
<i>Johnson.</i>	<i>Cottine.</i>	<i>Percy.</i>
<i>Young.</i>	<i>Parnell.</i>	<i>Cotton.</i>

&c. &c.

In Six Volumes

VOL. IV.



L O N D O N.

Printed by J. Roach, at the Britannia Printing Office,
No. 27, Street, New Drury Theatre Royal. 1794.



ODE on the *PASSTONS*,
and
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

by M. Collins.

The School Mistress,

and a

PASTORAL BALLAD,

by William Shenstone.

Ode to Wisdom,

by Miss Carter.

RETALIATION,

by Oliver.



I rode four miles to great S.^t Mary;

Using four legs, when two were weary. sup.

L O N D O N

Printed by and for J. Roach, Station Street New Drury Theatre Royal, 1794.

Price Six Pence.

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RECEIVED

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

WILLIAM A. BROTHERS

Chas. H. Johnson

701711-14-10-11



RETALIATION.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The title and nature of this POEM shew, that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were properly enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shewn how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our * landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.
Our † Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue with a garnish of brains;
Vol. IV. 13. A

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem held an occasional club. † Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces. ‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member of Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

'Our * Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
 And † Dick with his pepper shall heighten their savour;
 Our ‡ Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
 And § Douglass is pudding, substantial and plain;
 Our || Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That ** Ridge is anchovy, and †† Reynolds is lamb;
 That †† Hickey's a capon; and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a goosberry fool: At

* Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway,
 and member for Bedwin. † Mr. Richard Burke, Collector
 of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour
 than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the
 branches of useful and polite literature. ‡ Author of the West-
 Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic
 pieces. § Doctor Douglass, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious
 Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself
 as a Citizen of the World, than a sound Critic, in detecting
 several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his country-
 men, particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the
 Popes. || David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager
 of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. ** Counsellor John Ridge,
 a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose
 agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted by all his acquaint-
 ance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce. †† Sir
 Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy. †† An
 eminent Attorney.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Tho' fraught with all learnings, yet straining his throat
 To persuade * Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

A 2

Here

Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitchurch.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er kaew half the good that was in't;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
 What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb*;
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all;
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
 But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine;
 And comedy wonders at being so fine;

Like

* Mr. Richard Burke: This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out mens' virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
 When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
 Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
 Our Townsend make speeches, and I shall compile;
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;

As an actor, confess without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
 Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
 He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame,
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces, applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What commerce was yours, while you got and you gaye?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were beprais'd?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies;
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love;
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser;
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go!
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid: and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff
He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

THE

* Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be
under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company,

THE
SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

In Imitation of Spenser.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

*Audite voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animae flentes in limine primo.* VIRGIL.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanc'd to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame;
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They, griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or talk unconn'd, are sorely ment.

And

And all in fight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did flow;
 Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
 And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
 A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd:
 So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
 Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! Such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Bruon's riper age e'er taste!
 No superstition clog his dance of joy,
 No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display;
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Left weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
 Eager, perdit, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray,
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profoundly
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.
 Her

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield;
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.
 Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,
 Lips, Notus, Ausfer*; these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare our earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwells.
 A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.
Albeit,

* The south west wind, South, &c.

Albeit, no flatt'ry did corrupt her truth;
 No pompous title did debauch her ear;
 'Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
 Nor would esteem him ast as mought behove,
 Who should not honour'd eeld with these revere;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begrit with chickens, came;
 Such favour did her past deportment claim:
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use and physie not a few,
 Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
 The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung;
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
 And 'plaintain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
 And marj'am sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
 To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
 And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
 The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
 Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
 A sacred shelter for its branches here,
 Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear.
 O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
 Ere this was banish'd from its lusty sphere;
 Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
 Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
 Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.
 If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
 But in her garden found a summer seat:
 Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
 How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
 While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
 All for the nonce untuning every string,
 Uphung their useleß lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
 And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
 And in those elfins ears would oft deplore
 The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
 And tortious death was true Devotion's need;
 And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
 That nould on wooden image place her creed;
 And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn:
 Ah, dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
 By the sharp-tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
 The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
 The source of children's and of courtier's pride!
 Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there pass'd).
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them beude.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
 E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.
 Vol. IV. 13. B Lo!

Lo ! now with state she utters the command !

Erefoons the urchins to their tasks repair ;

Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,

Which with pellucid horn secured are,

To save from finger wet the letters fair.

The work so gay that on their back is seen

St. George's high achievements does declare,

On which thilk wight that has ygazing been,

Kens the forth-coming rod ; unpleasing sight, I ween !

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam

Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !

As erst the bard*, by Mulla's silver stream,

Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;

For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin

To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !

And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,

Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure

His little sister doth his peril see ;

All playful as she sate, she grows demure,

She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;

She meditates a pray'r to set him free :

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny

(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,

And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

No

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and with presumptuous hand,
 To slay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow;
 She sees no domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.
 But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
 Or what device his loud laments explain?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek dislain?
 When he in abject wise implores the dame,
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And, thro' the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.
 The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care;
 By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
 And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
 Whence oft with sugar'd cakes she doth 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare: now, certes, doubly sweet!

See, to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in befeemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair);
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.
 His face besprent with liquid crystal shines;
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sullied by a vernal show'r.
 Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
 All, all but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all but she, regret this mournful hour;
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.
 Behind some door in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
 Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
 And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah,

Ah, me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !

But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the Muse's lyres
(All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat ;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Thus craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzlings fruits appear !

E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so :

As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low ;

Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wiseth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,

Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline ;

And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field :

And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,

Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, ' What stuff is here.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.

A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;
 Heaven shield their short-liv'd passimes, I implore!
 For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the fun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
 And chace gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs;
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.

O vain, to seek delight in earthly things!
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers;
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king,

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those faunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer,
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
 With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to play;
 Think to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
 In paltry kings and queens th'allotted mite to spend.

Here,

Here, as each season yields a different store,
 Each season's stores in order ranged been;
 Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full fore th' unmonied wight, are seen;
 And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green:
 And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
 Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween:
 O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care!
 See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
 With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
 Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
 With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
 And must be bought, tho' penury betide;
 The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
 And here each season do those cakes abide,
 Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own,
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises known*.
 Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
 Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
 Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
 Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
 Ah! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
 Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
 A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
 Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

ODE

* *Shrewbury Cakes.*

ODE TO WISDOM,

By Miss CARTER,

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
And quits the time-shook tow'r,
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shows of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray;
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the glare of day.

O Pallas!

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
 " That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
 Blest source of purer joys;
 In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprize;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
 Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires:
 But, taught by thy unerring rules
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
 Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my pray'r,
 Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
 These glittering envied toys divide,
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thought refin'd;
 For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
 For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er my mind.

When

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
 When pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lye
 Of ignorance and spite;
 Alike condemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest;
 Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
 Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy graces drest.

He bid Illyssus' tuneful stream
 Convey the philosophic theme
 Of perfect, fair, and good:
 Attentive Athens caught the sound,
 And all her list'ning sons around
 In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
 Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
 And felt its just controul:
 The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
 And virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
 The patriot's free unbias'd tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife:
 Thine are retirement's silent joys,
 And all the sweet endearing ties
 Of still, domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
 To thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
 From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro's life's perplexing road;
 The mists of error to controul!
 And thro' its gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good!

Beneath

Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of folly's painted show :
 She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all but Virtue's solid joys
 Is vanity and woe.

DEAN SWIFT'S CURATE

I March'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand ;
 I rode four miles to great St. Mary ;
 Using four legs, when two were weary.
 To three fair virgins I did tie men,
 In the close bands of pleasing Hymen ;
 I dipt two babes in holy water,
 And purified their mother's after.
 Within an hour and eke an half,
 I preach'd three congregations deaf,
 While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
 I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
 My emblem, the laborious fun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done,
 Before one race of his was run :
 All this perform'd by Robert Hewet ;
 What mortal else could e'er go through it ?

AD

Vo
*
from
con
Mr

A D A M I C O S*.

By RICHARD WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedge side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide,
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend ;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines gave back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate ;
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land :
Around no friends their lenient care to join,
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days ;

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C

To

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heaven! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern pow'r of Fate, whose ebony sceptre rules
The Stygian desarts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;

Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
 And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
 'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 And undermine the hollow bank below:
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
 And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
 For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.
 For me, whene'er all-conq'ring Death shall spread
 His wings around my unrepining head,
 I care not, tho' this face be seen no more,
 The world will pass as cheerful as before;
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;

Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
 Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
 Their praise would crown me, as their precepts mend:
 To them may these fond lines my name endear
 Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

A N O D E,

Written in the year 1746.

By Mr. COLLINS.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ORIENTAL.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES,

By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days,
Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains,
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.'

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
By Tygris' wandring waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young;

‘ Ye Persian dames,’ he said, ‘ to you belong
 ‘ (Well may they please) the morals of my song :
 ‘ Nor fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
 ‘ Grac’d with soft arts, the peopled world around !
 ‘ The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
 ‘ Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;
 ‘ For you those flow’rs her fragrant hands bestow,
 ‘ And yours the love that kings delight to know.
 ‘ Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 ‘ The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair :
 ‘ Who trust alone in beauty’s feeble ray,
 ‘ Boast but the worth Balsora’s * pearls display ;
 ‘ Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright ;
 ‘ But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
 ‘ Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 ‘ By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 ‘ Self-flatt’ring sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 ‘ That Love shall blind, when once he fires, the swain ;
 ‘ Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 ‘ As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
 ‘ Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 ‘ Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 ‘ Each tender passion man delights, to find
 ‘ The lov’d perfection of a female mind !
 ‘ Blest were the days when wisdom held her reign,
 ‘ And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
 ‘ With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 ‘ Immortal Truth ! and daughters blest’d their love.

‘ O haste,

* The Gulf of that name, famous for the Pearl Fishery.

- ' O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away!
 ' Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
 ' The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
 ' By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
 ' Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
 ' The dear deserters shall return again.
 ' Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear;
 ' To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
 ' Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
 ' And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen.
 ' With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
 ' Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
 ' But man the most—not more the mountain doe
 ' Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe,
 ' Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew:
 ' A silken veil conceals her from the view.
 ' Now wild desires amidst thy train be known,
 ' But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
 ' Desponding Meekness, with her downcast eyes,
 ' And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
 ' And Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
 ' These are the virtues that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:

Dear to the plains, the virtues came along;

The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE II.

Haffan; or, the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Defart.—Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Haffan with his camels pass'd :
One course of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb, was nigh :
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :
‘ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
‘ When first from Schiraz’ walls I took my way !
‘ Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
‘ The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !
‘ Bethink thee, Haffan, where shall thirst alluage,
‘ When fails this cuse, his unrelenting rage ;
‘ Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
‘ Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?
‘ Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
‘ In all my griefs a more than equal share ;

‘ Here,

' Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 ' Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
 ' In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 ' Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow :
 ' Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
 ' And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 ' Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
 ' Weak men to follow far-faiguing trade !
 ' The lily Peace outshines the silver-store,
 ' And life is dearer than the golden ore :
 ' Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 ' To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town,
 ' Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
 ' And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
 ' Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?
 ' Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd ?
 ' Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
 ' The gentle voice of Peace; or Pleasure's song ?
 ' Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
 ' The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride ?
 ' Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 ' Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
 ' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 ' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
 ' O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
 ' When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
 ' W hat

- “ What if the lion in his rage I meet !
- “ Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
- “ And, fearful ! oft, when day’s declining light
- “ Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
- “ By hunger rous’d, he scours the groaning plain,
- “ Gaunt wolves and fullen tigers in his train ;
- “ Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way !
- “ Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
- “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
- “ At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
- “ If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
- “ Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
- “ And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
- “ Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor ;
- “ From lust of wealth, and dread of death, secure !
- “ They tempt no dangers, and no griefs they find ;
- “ Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
- “ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
- “ When first from Schiraz’ walls I bent my way !
- “ O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
- “ The tender Zara, will be most undone !
- “ Big swell’d my heart, and own’d the pow’rful maid,
- “ When fast she dropp’d her tears, and thus she said :
- “ Farewel the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
- “ Whom Zara’s breaking heart implor’d in vain ;
- “ Yet, as thou’go’st, may ev’ry blast arise
- “ Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !

“ Safe

" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
 " No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth, like me;"
 " O let me safely to the fair return,
 " Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
 " O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 " Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!"
 He said; and call'd on Heaven to bless the day
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, The Evening.

IN Georgia's land, were Teflis' tow'rs are seen
 In distant view along the level green:
 While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
 And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
 What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
 Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
 Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead!
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.

Deep

Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
 Gay motley pinks and sweet jonquils she chose*.
 The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
 All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there :
 The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love contracted from the chace away :
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

‘ Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 ‘ And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!’

The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
 Of as she went she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;
 To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love !
 Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

‘ Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 ‘ And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!’

Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;

Still

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
 To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd :
 And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours ;
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains, and the forests green,
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band :
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand ;
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung ;

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair ;
 Oft to the shades and low-roof’d cots retir’d,
 Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir’d :
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore ;
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

‘ Be ev’ry youth like royal Abbas mov’d,

‘ And ev’ry Georgian maid like Abra lov’d !

Blest was the life that Royal Abbas led ;
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What if in wealth the noble maid excel ;
 The simple shepherd girl can love as well.
 Let those who rule on Persia’s jewell’d throne
 Be fam’d for love and gentlest love alone ;
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover’s myrtle with the warrior’s crown.

' O happy days ! ' the maids around her say ;
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away !
 ' Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 ' And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd ! '

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander ; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

IN fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
 Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind ;
 At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
 And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains :
 What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
 And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky ;
 Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
 Where 'wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led :
 Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
 Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
 Along the moutain's bending side they ran ;
 Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began :

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib ; for my feet deny,
 No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
 Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
 Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way !

And

And first review that long-extended plain,
 And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain !
 Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried !
 And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side !

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
 The toils of flight, or some severer woe !
 Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
 And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind ;
 In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
 He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
 Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
 Drops its fair honours to the conq'ring flame ;
 Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair ;
 And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land ! whose blessings tempt the sword ;
 In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord !
 In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
 To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid !
 Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
 Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind :
 Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
 No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
 Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.

D 2

Sweet

Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
 And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain;
 No more the virgins shall delight to rove
 By Sargia's banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
 On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
 Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
 Fair scenes; but, ah! no more with peace possess,
 With ease alluring and with plenty blest.
 No more the shepherds whit'ning tents appear,
 Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
 No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
 But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia's boasts her spicy groves,
 For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
 In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
 Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.
 Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
 Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

ACII.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far,
 Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
 Some weightier arms and crooks and staves prepare,
 To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
 The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
 Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
 Wild as his land, in native desarts bred,
 By lust incited, or by malice led,

The

The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
 Oft marks with blood and wassling flames the way;
 Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
 To death inur'd and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
 A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
 Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
 Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight

THANKS TO THE DEITY.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
 My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
 The world's a stately bark on dang'rous seas,
 With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
 Here on single plank, thrown safe ashore,
 I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
 As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
 And meditate on scenes more silent still;
 Pursue my theme, and fight the Fear of Death:
 Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
 Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
 Eager ambition's fiery chace I see;
 I see the circling haunt of noisy men
 Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing, and pursued, each others prey;
 As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
 Till Death, that mighty hunter earths them all.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon happen to stray,
O call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I;
—I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell,

Since

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dream'd of my vine;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
 But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
 Why wander thus pensively here?
 O, why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown!
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew:
 My path I could hardly discern:
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The

The pilgrim that journeys all day,
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotions, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

H. HOPE.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains, all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
 Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar twines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasten'd and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow!
 How the nightingales warble their loves,
 Form thickets of roses that blow!
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have

I have heard her with sweetness unfold

How that pity was due to a dove :

That it ever attended the bold,

And she call'd it the sister of Love:

But her words such a pleasure convey,

So much I her accents adore,

Let her speak, and, whatever she say

Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain

Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?

Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,

These plains and this valley despise?

Dear regions of silence and shade!

Soft scenes of contentment and ease!

Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,

If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?

And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLI.

HI. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?

Why term it a folly to grieve,
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe,
With her mien she enamours the brave ;
With her wit she engages the free ;
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays !
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay, on him let nor Phyllida frown ;
——But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe——O may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;

'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,

"How her face is as bright as the snow,

"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:

"How the nightingales labour the strain,

"With the notes of his charmer to vie;

"How they vary their accents in vain;

"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,

And pillages every sweet;

Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,

He throws it at Phyllis's feet.

"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,

"More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r!

"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?

"What eglantine after a show'r?"

"Then the lily no longer is white!

"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;

"Then the violets die with despite,

"And the woodbines gives up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,

And he fancies no shepherd his peer;

Yet I never should envy the song,

Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound.

So Phyllis the trophy despise ;

Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,

So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.

The language that flows from the heart

Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue,

Yet may she beware of his art,

Or sure I must envy the song-

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,

And take no more heed of my sheep :

They have nothing to do but to stray ;

I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove ;

She was fair—and my passion begun :

She smil'd—and I could not but love ;

She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;

Perhaps it was plain to foresee,

That a nymph so complete would be sought

By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :

It banishes wisdom the while ;

And the lip of the nymph we admire

Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;

Ye that witness the woes I endure,

Let Reason instruct you to shun,

What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain

Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;

It is not for me to explain

How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,

What hope of an end to my woes ?

When I cannot endure to forget

The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain :

The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,

Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,

In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,

The sound of a murmuring stream,

The peace which from solitude flows,

Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.

High transports are shewn to the sight,

But we are not to find them our own :

Fate never bestow'd such delight,

As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
 I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

SONNET TO EXPRESSION,

By Miss WILLIAMS,

EXPRESSION, child of soul ! I love to trace
 Thy strongest enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
 The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
 And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace !
 But from my frightened gaze thy form avert,
 When horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,
 When phrenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
 Or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart :
 Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear
 The wailing groan, or view the pallid look
 Of him the Muses lov'd, when hope forsook
 His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear——
 For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast
 Mourns it could sharpen ill, and give despair no rest !

E 2

THE

T H E
P A S S I O N S.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

By Mr. COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was you ng,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.
First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,

In lightnings own'd his secret flings,

In one rude clasp he struck the lyre,

And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,

Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;

A solemn, strange, and mingled air,

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,

What was thy delighted measure?

Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!

Still would her touch the strain prolong,

And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She call'd on Echo still through all the song;

And where her sweetest theme she chose,

A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,

And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,

Revenge impatient rose,

He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,

And, with a withering look,

The war-denouncing trumpet took,

And blew a blast so loud and dread,

Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd, [head.
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
 With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
 Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole.
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear:
 Last came Joy's ecstastic trial.
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best,
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
 O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
 You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,

Thy

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recal what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page——
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Ev'n all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound——
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

HUMAN LIFE,

By Dr. YOUNG.

——AH! what is human life?
 How like the dial's tardy-moving shade!
 Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth;
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen:
 Yet soon the hour is up——and we are gone.

ODE

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

By Mr. COLLINS.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest'd),
One, only one unrivall'd fair*,
My hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye ;
Lo ! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side ;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied !
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest pow'r is given,
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

The

* *Florimel*. See *Spenser*, Leg. 4.

The band, as fairy legends say,
 Was wove on that creating day
 When he, who call'd with thought to birth
 Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
 And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
 And pour'd the main engirting all,
 Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
 Himself in some diviner mood,
 Retiring, fate with her alone,
 And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
 The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
 Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
 Now sublimest triumph swelling ;
 Now on love and mercy dwelling ;
 And she from out the veiling cloud
 Breath'd her magic notes aloud :
 And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
 And all thy subject life was born.
 The dangerous passions kept aloof,
 Far from the fainted growing woof :
 But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
 Listening the deep applauding thunder :
 And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
 By whose the Tarbol's eyes were made ;
 All the shadowy tribes of mind,
 In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
 And all the bright uncounted pow'rs,
 Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs.

Where

Where is the Bard whose soul can now
 Its high presuming hopes avow ?
 Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
 This hallow'd work for him design'd ?
 High on some cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
 Of rude access, of prospect wild,
 Where, tanglen round the jealous sleep,
 Strange shades o' erbrow the vallies deep,
 And holy Genii guard the rock,
 Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock ;
 While on its rich ambitious head
 An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
 I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
 By which a Milton lay, his evening ear,
 From many a cloud that dropt ethereal dew,
 Nigh spher'd in heaven its native strains could hear :
 On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung :
 Thither oft his glory greeting,
 From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
 With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue
 My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue ;
 In vain—such blifs to ore alone,
 Of all the sons of soul was known,
 And Heaven and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
 Have now o'erturn'd th'inspiring bow'rs,
 Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

APOLOGY

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days has wrought
Relieve with social mercy, and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!
